Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwikes* frowne,
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts Marrie my Lord, I thinke *I* had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *Queene* and the Lord *Riuers*.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queen. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes,
Of that succesle king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwike*,
Tush, feare not faire *Queen*, but cast those cares aside.
King *Edwards* noble mind his honours doth display;
And *Warwike* maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king *Edward* is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,

K. *Edwards* seed true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Hastings* with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft the gates are shut, *I* like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of *Yorke* vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the *Fox* hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.
Mair. Saie you so, then *Ile* open them presentlie.

Exit Maire.

Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for *Edward* will defend
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir *Iohn Mountgomarey* with drumme and souldiers.

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